

Day One 5/6/97

I didn't go to school today, but only so I could wait for someone to walk by my SHED. I was sitting there for hours - 8:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. - and I finally witnessed someone come by. Roxxi Castallanta. I knew who she was and I saw her everywhere, however I never actually knew what she was like. A perfect friend.

I sauntered outside and into the road. Roxxi and her two other friends didn't even hear my footsteps. I had to punch her in the arm to get her to look at me. She turned around and her obnoxiously red hair hit me in the face.

"Hey, Sawyer," she greeted, "How's it going?"

"May you come to my place?" I asked, whispering. I pointed in the direction of my house, only behind the house. Her eyes widened and her mouth turned straight. I handed her an index card with my address in case she forgot.

I gave her a small grin once she kindly agreed to come.

"I promise I'll be there later, Sawyer," she promised. Roxxi's friends grabbed both her arms and ran down the street with her. They were breathing heavy with their pupils shrinking down to the size of an atom.

I went back inside.

In about an hour, Roxxi showed up to my SHED with four goodie bags. I slowly opened the door, leaving it ajar, and saw her charming white face. Well, at least it wasn't white until she arrived. She used to be sand colored like me. The smell of candy attracted my nose.

"Give me your candy first," I demanded. Then I unexpectedly snatched it from her her small, clingy hands. I let her in.

"Nice shed," she *complimented*.

My SHED is like a camp cabin. Three rooms. The lights are never on because I believe in saving electricity for more worthy things. I led her to my visitation room where I had a tall glass of water on the ground and two chairs in the middle of the room. I sat in the wooden chair while I let her sit in the cushion chair. Hopefully she felt more comfortable. I took out my sheet of questions and here is what I heard:

What is your favorite color?

Red, definitely.

Where were you born?

Albany, New York. 1983. When were you born, Sawyer?

1984. What's your middle name?

Desire.

Do you have a pet?

I have two cute chihuahuas.

What's your favorite eye color?

Brown.

I didn't feel us getting any closer, but I did feel like I knew her a small bit better than I did prior to the queries. She didn't touch her water. When I looked it up, the instructions said they should drink the water. I really don't know why, though. I may be a little shorter than the other girls, but I sure am smart enough to figure it out. It was silent for couple of minutes as I began observing her looks: red hair, leather jacket, high-waisted shorts, and heavy mascara. My grandfather would swear she was the Devil's daughter.

"So, are we done here?" she wondered, her eyes looking everywhere except for my eyes.

"Maybe. Maybe not," I replied, "Just one more thing."

"What?"

Do you vow to come back when politely asked and to decline my offers and invitations with a reasonable justification?

If that's what will keep me from dying if you know what I mean. Okay.
Your hair is very pretty, by the way.

"Don't call us friends, roadkill," I ordered.

"Sorry," she got up and left the room.